From an original Picture in the Possession of the Revd. Mr. Potter.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London Novr.

*BELL'S EDITION,*

# The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

*COMPLETE FROM*

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

122

DYER.

Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To Snatch the glorious deed.

*Ruins of Rome, line 45*

in for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange, Strand London, Sep.r 14th 1779.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN DYER.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

O Britons! O my Countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.----O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Aſhur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten---and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

RUINS OF ROME.

---

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL THE TANJORE

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

# THE
# POETICAL WORKS
OF
# JOHN DYER.

CONTAINING HIS

GRONGAR HILL, RUINS OF ROME, FLEECE. FOUR BOOKS, COUNTRY WALK, INQUIRY, EPISTLES,

*&c. &c. &c.*

For me, 't is mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart
And cheerful diligence: like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

THE FLEECE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
*Anno* 1779.

*THE LIFE OF*

# JOHN DYER.

Mr. John Dyer was born in Caermarthenſhire, and educated at Weſtminſter ſchool. His father, an attorney of great practice and reputation, intended to introduce this his ſecond ſon into his own buſineſs; but his genius led him a different way; beſides his early taſte for poetry, he had a paſſion no leſs ſtrong for the arts of deſign; and he determined to make painting his profeſſion.

With this view he made the voyage of Italy, where, beſides the uſual ſtudy of the remains of antiquity, and the works of the great maſters, he frequently ſpent whole days in the country about Rome and Florence, ſketching thoſe pictureſque proſpects with facility and ſpirit. Images from hence naturally tranſported themſelves into his poetical compoſitions. The principal beauties of The Ruins of Rome are perhaps of this kind, and the various landſcapes in The Fleece have been particularly admired.

On his return to England he ſoon found he could not reliſh a town life, nor ſubmit to the aſſiduity required in his profeſſion: his talent indeed was rather for ſketching than finiſhing. So he contentedly ſat down in the country with his little fortune, painting now and then a portrait or a landſcape, as his fancy led him.

As his turn of mind was rather ſerious, and his conduct had been irreproachable, he very properly followed the opinion of his friends, who adviſed him to enter into orders. And after ſome time ſpent upon a ſmall cure in Warwickſhire, his worthy character, and the merit of his poetical performances, recommended him to the notice of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who preſented him ſucceſſively to the rectories of Belchford and Kerkby in Lincolnſhire; as did Sir John Heathcote to that of Coningſby in the ſame county. Upon this latter preferment he reſided till the end of 1757, when a conſumptive diſorder, with which he had long ſtruggled, carried him off at laſt in the 59th year of his age.

His character as a writer has been freed by the following pieces publiſhed by himſelf, and now firſt collected; wherein a poetical imagination perfectly original; a natural ſimplicity, connected with, and often productive of, the true ſublime, and the warmeſt ſentiments of benevolence and virtue, have been univerſally taken notice of. As a member of ſociety the ſame ſimplicity appeared in his manners, joined with a liberal turn of thinking, which ſeldom ſolicited a favour, and never loſt a friend.

# POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

## THE CHOICE.

TO MR. DYER. BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

While, charm'd with Abergaſney's quiet plains,
The Muſes and their empreſs court your ſtrains,
Tir'd of the noiſy Town, ſo lately try'd,
Methinks I ſee you ſmile on Towy's ſide;
Penſive, her mazy wand'rings you unwind,
And on your river's margin calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bleſs'd—Whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wiſdom tempers your deſires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad ſerene,
And marking both extremes paſs clear between.
  Oh! could your lov'd example teach your ſkill,
And as it moves my wonder mend my will,
Calm would my paſſions grow—my lot would pleaſe,
And my ſick ſoul might think itſelf to eaſe;
But to the future while I ſtrain my eye,
Each preſent good ſlips undiſtinguiſh'd by:
Still what I would contends with what I can,
And my wild wiſhes leap the bounds of man.
  If in my pow'r it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd deſires can fix a ſcope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me [poor;
For I have wants which wealth can never cure!
  Let others, with a narrow'd ſtint of pride,
In ſelfiſh views a bounded hope divide:

If I muſt wiſh at all—Deſires are free ;
High as the higheſt I would wiſh to be;
Then might I, ſole ſupreme, act unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bleſs mankind.
Mean is that ſoul whom its own good can fill!
A proſp'rous world alone could feaſt my will.
He 's poor at beſt who others' miſery ſees,
And wants the wiſh'd-for pow'r to give them eaſe;
A glory this unreach'd but on a throne:
All were enough—and leſs than all is none.
 This my firſt wiſh :—but ſince 't is wild and vain
To graſp at glitt'ring clouds with fruitleſs pain,
More ſafely low let my next proſpect be,
And life's mild ev'ning this fair ſunſet ſee.
 Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a ſtate
Whoſe little greatneſs is a pride I hate,
On ſome lone wild ſhould my large houſe be plac'd,
Vaſtly ſurrounded by a healthful waſte!
Steril and coarſe the untry'd ſoil ſhould be,
Till forc'd to flouriſh and ſubdu'd by me. [ſkies,
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, ſtreams, and
Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes!
Where'er I walk'd effects of my paſt pains
Should plume the mountain-tops and paint the plains;
Greatly obſcure, and ſhunning courts or name,
Widely befriended, but eſcaping fame,
Peaceful, in ſtudious quiet would I live,
Lie hid for leiſure, and grow rich to give!

# TO MR. DYER.

BY CLIO *.

I'AVE done thy merit and my friendſhip wrong
In holding back my gratitude ſo long;
The ſoul is ſure to equal tranſport rais'd
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The gen'rous only can this pleaſure know,
Who taſte the godlike virtue—to beſtow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend,
And feel the very praiſes which I ſend;
Nor jealouſy nor female envy find,
Tho' all the Muſes are to Dyer kind.
Sing on! nor let your modeſt fears retard,
Whoſe verſe and pencil join to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays in double wreath,
Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wiſh to praiſe you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green in Clio's artleſs ſong;
But your's will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful ſoul will flouriſh there.
My humbler lot was in low diſtance laid:
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For houſehold cares and empty trifles meant;
The name does immortality prevent.

* Among the poems of Mr. Savage is an epiſtle occaſioned by Mr. Dyer's picture of this lady.

Yet let me ſtretch beyond my ſex my mind,
And, riſing, leave the flutt'ring train behind:
Nor art nor learning wiſh'd aſſiſtance lends,
But Nature, Love, and Muſic, are my friends.

## AN EPISTLE

### TO MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR HILL,

*In anſwer to his from the country.*

Now various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the op'ning ſpring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
'Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
  Oh! could my ſoul thro' depths of knowledge ſee,
Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the rocks of Fate,
And draw ev'n Envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
  Think not light poetry my life's chief care;
The Muſe's manſion is at beſt but air:
But if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by Fortune's ſtorms.
  Oft' have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe
Whoſe godlike ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.

Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm when millions wake unbleſt:
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er all,
Low as the ſhrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 't was wild!—I ſought the middle ſtate,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
　Tho' verſe can never give my ſoul her aim;
Tho' action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Tho' Fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n! by knowledge to aſpire:
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd Truth, and bid her bleſs mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of grief,
Arm Want with patience, and teach Wealth relief!
To ſerve lov'd Liberty inſpire my breath;
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death:
For he who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd
Burthens that world his duty bids him aid.
　Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt who leaſt has ſerv'd mankind?
Titles when worn by fools I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage when they crown the wiſe.
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow.
Thoſe trees with ſweeteſt charms invite our eyes
Which from our own ingraftment fruitful riſe.

Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child 's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would nor envy nor deride,
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain ſuperior's pride,
Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes,
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies:
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my ſtate,
Nor miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend;
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preſerve their weight;
Meek tho' exalted; tho' diſgrac'd elate:
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to ſerve, and gen'rous to forgive.
This may they learn who cloſe thy life attend,
Which, dear in mem'ry, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
My ſoul, clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendſhip's beams. 68

## MISCELLANIES.

### GRONGAR HILL.

Silent Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple ev'ning lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky,
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong;
Grongar! in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft' I have, the ev'ning ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,

While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day.
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale,
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſcape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay the open ſcene
Does the face of Nature ſhow
In all the hues of heav'n's bow,
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies;

Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;

And there the fox fecurely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, mofs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has feen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has feen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ftate:
But tranfient is the fmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little fway,
A funbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
  And fee the rivers how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in fhade and fun!
Sometimes fwift, fometimes flow,
Wave fucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endlefs fleep!
Thus is Nature's vefture wrought,
To inftruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus fhe dreffes green and gay,
To difperfe our cares away.
  Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landfcape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies warm and low;

The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
  See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep, methinks, may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon' ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way;
The preſent 's ſtill a cloudy day.
  O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:

'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.
  Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of Care!
Graſs and flow'rs Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide,
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

# THE RUINS OF ROME.

> Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
> Obrutaque horrenti veſta theatra ſitu:
> Hæc ſunt Roma. Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ
> Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas? JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I ſung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud Antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe!
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo! the reſiſtleſs theme imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap! her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations, fall'n! obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical: the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing ſun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference!

Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on bury'd tombs!
Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, tho' the clefted domes
Tremble to ev'ry wind. The pilgrim oft',
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates *: they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Grateful ſociety! with theſe I raiſe
The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Thro' ſpiry cypreſs groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On num'rous arches rear'd; and, frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of aiſles and halls within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
And thunder! how they heave their rocks in vain!
Tho' now inceſſant time has roll'd around
A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell
In vain, convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
  Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapſe
Among the ſleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,
And vaſes boſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs,

Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darknefs; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring fhrines, with old decay
Ruftic and green, and wide-embow'ring fhades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
A folemn wildernefs! with error fweet
I wind the lingering fteep, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er fculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guife, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monftrous fhapes! prepoft'rous gods
Of fear and ignorance, by the fculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worfhipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worfhip at their breathlefs mouths*
In varied appellations: men to thefe
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length afcrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.
How doth it pleafe and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Hiftoric urns and breathing ftatues rife,
And fpeaking bufts! Sweet Scipio, Marius ftern,
Pompey fuperb, the fpirit-ftirring form
Of Cæfar, raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundlefs fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcaft, he foars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus fee,
Defponding Brutus! dubious of the right,

* Several ftatues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of faints.

In evil days of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,
His outſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; ſo inſpir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke:
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhew of ſad decay
Avert the good reſolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct *.

* From the Palatin Hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.

The num'rous porticoes and domes upſwell,
With obeliſks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak; ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the dervife from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Egyptian plain;
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Tho' graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus weeps her ſilent ſchools
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.
Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its vary'd light,
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-wid'ning to the verge,
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,
When, drunk with rule, ſhe will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out ruſh'd,
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd,
The fiery madded tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And deſp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteel th' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs

Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!
Behold yon' ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd *
In ancient days the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin thro' dim cerulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends, and tower'd aloft,
Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too-proſp'rous Iſrael from his living Strength.
 And next regard yon' venerable dome
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneus aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal; nobleſt work
Of human ſkill! Here, curious Architect,
If thou eſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark
How far in hidden art the noble plan
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence

* The Capitol.

Of flowing ſculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd the chapiter inform'd.
  See the tall obeliſks from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd;
Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies:
And there the temple where the ſummon'd ſtate *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The veh'ment orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours; Ambition ſinks her creſt;
And, lo! the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd
Shall Treaſon walk? ſhall proud Oppreſſion yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo! the wretch abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty!
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul
His ſacred genius thou: be Britain's care;
With her ſecure prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bleſs mankind; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,

* The temple of Concord, where the Senate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.

Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs,
In maſk and dance excel; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule,
To check the ravage of tyrannic ſway,
To quell the proud, to ſpread the joys of peace,
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.
Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend, thee with undaunted heart.
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand upleads to light, divineſt Truth!
Array'd in ev'ry charm; whoſe hand benign
Teaches unweary'd Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majeſtic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe num'rous towns, and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in ſtrength,
Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream

Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r;
And thine those piles * undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth, where tender Charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine, too, those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever, while from yon' blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,
Glide the soft-whisp'ring waters in the wind,
And, here united, pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
  Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins; there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the Field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance,
To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or, wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong grappling arms, cloſe heads, and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from ev'ry gate thoſe ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame!
Deſerve they not regard? o'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war,
So many pomps, ſo many wond'ring realms:
Yet ſtill thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even ſtate to diſtant ſeas around
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo! the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince who to the truſt of pow'r *
Was honeſt, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding aiſles remain, the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds; her ſhrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtic roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the ſunk roof.—O'er which, in diſtant view,

* Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſhed by Titus.

Th' Etrufcan mountains fwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte fpires,
Wrapping his fides in tempefts. Eaftward hence,
Nigh where the Ceftian pyramid * divides
The mould'ring wall, behold yon' fabric huge,
Whofe duft the folemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken fculptures caft abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ftately pines, that fpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls †,
Appear but tufts, as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparifon, minute and vile.
These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged fides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches fcatter'd round
After the tempeft; Maufoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whofe low bafe the fculptures wind aloft,
And lead thro' various toils up the rough fteep
Its hero to the fkies; and his dark tow'r ||
Whofe execrable hand the City fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd

* The tomb of Ceftius, partly within and partly without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vaft ruin.

|| Nero's.

Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome *;
And the rough relics of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king!
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty!) the ſame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon' hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits, lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his pow'r; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies:
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently-wak'ning call to health and eaſe.

* The Palatin library.

How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!
Cool ev'ning comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon' tow'rs,
As thro' two ſhady cliffs: away, my Muſe!
Tho' yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft' hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable thefts;
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
Suffice it now th' Eſquilian Mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement. A low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters thro' the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew;
Here oft' the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd

With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The poet choſe to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of War,
Ev'n the rude hinds, rever'd the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since Nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave--Enough--the plaint diſdain.--
  Seeſt thou yon' fane? ev'n now inceſſant time*
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus! and thy brother twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive, while oft' the gaunt and rugged wolf

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck, and form'd your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed
Your ſacred infancies; your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th'Auſonian ſtate,
Wrapp'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy, Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring ſwains, and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.
  Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around,
Jealous; yet ſoon, by wondrous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd;
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſehold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the gen'rous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields

With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? they, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
They thro' all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The City gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart,
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief
Which sev'n brave years beneath the doubtless wing
Of vict'ry dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet, hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
Till ev'ry ſun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter-ſtorm and ſummer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they ſeek,
(As ether prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool nymphean grots, or tepid baths;
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expenſe:
Thro' ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of Voluptuouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,

And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incenſe fum'd,
To ſlake Patrician thirſt: for theſe their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm Corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and, lo!
Didius, vile uſurer! thro' the crowd he mounts*,
Beneath his feet the Roman Eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons! O my Countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war;
Immortal Cæſar! Lo! a god, a god!

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

He cleaves the yielding ſkies. Cæſar mean-while
Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the ghat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants. A god, a god!
The flow'ry ſhades and ſhrines obſence return.

But ſee along the North the tempeſt ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.

Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe, and luxury! O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Aſhur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boaſting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

# THE FLEECE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt, quæ prima ſit, ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora præbet velamina. COLUMELLA.

## BOOK I.

### The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general fit for ſheep: for fine-woolled ſheep: for long-woolled ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping-time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates, exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſhearing. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing. Ye rural Nymphs!
Ye Swains, and princely Merchants! aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted Guardians of our Iſle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth,
To the great charge aſſigns! ye Good of all

Degrees, all fects! be prefent to my fong.
So may diftrefs, and wretchednefs, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of reftlefs Gaul
From our ftrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's Shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous fwains of every vale,
With well-permitted power and watchful eye
On each gay field to fhed beneficence,
Celeftial office! Thou protect the fong.
   On fpacious airy downs and gentle hills,
With grafs and thyme o'erfpread, and clover wild,
Where fmiling Phœbus tempers ev'ry breeze,
The faireft flocks rejoice: they nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain,
Evils deform'd and foul; nor with hoarfe cough
Difturb the mufic of the paft'ral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with filence foft
The clofe-woven carpet graze, where Nature blends
Flow'rets and herbage of minuteft fize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to fhepherd and to fheep.
   All arid foils, with fand or chalky flint,
Or fhells deluvian mingled, and the turf
That mantles over rocks of brittle ftone,
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper, arife;

Or the tall growth of gloffy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duft;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banftead, edg'd with woods
And towery villas; fuch Dorceftrian fields,
Whofe flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such thofe flow-climbing wilds that lead the ftep
Infenfibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and fuch the clover'd lawns
And funny mounts of beauteous Normanton *,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the felected walk
Of Heathcote's leifure: fuch the fpacious plain
Of Sarum, fpread like Ocean's boundlefs round,
Where folitary Stonehenge, gray with mofs,
Ruin of ages! nods: fuch, too, the leas
And ruddy tilth which fpiry Rofs beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemfter's brooky track and airy Croft †;
And fuch Harleian Eywood's || fwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling fea;
And Shobden ‡, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods,
And girt with all Siluria **, fees around

* Normanton, a feat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandfhire

† Croft, a feat of Sir Archer Croft.

|| Eywood, a feat of the Earl of Oxford.

‡ Shobden, a feat of Lord Bateman.

** Siluria, the part of England which lies weft of the Severn, viz. Herefordfhire, Monmouthfhire, &c.

Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria! land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
Of treacherous Falernum *, or that hill
Veſuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
    But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leiceſtrian Fleeces, what the ſinewy arm
Combs thro' the ſpiky ſteel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The blackening ſhower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread
Thro' all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields
In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
    Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.

* Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marle,
In ſtormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft'
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare:
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime, and dark manure,
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the foe.
Plough not ſuch paſtures; deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt arrpet is the warmeſt lair,
And ſoundeſt: in new herbage coughs are heard.
  Nor love too frequent ſhelter, ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern * wall'd,
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians †, who along their moſſy dales
Conſume, like graſhoppers, the ſummer hour,
While round them ſtubborn thorns and furze increaſe,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.
† Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire, in South Wales.

And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deepening graſs;
And oft' with labour-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandring rills
Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees, that ſour
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd;
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little ſmiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.
　Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,
Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken Fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills,
Is ſought, tho' ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun

Libya's hot plains. What tafte have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow duft of gold? no more
Food to the flock than to the mifer wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap and ftarves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the fhining Fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Bafely from Albion, by th' enfnaring bribe,
The bate of avarice, which with felon fraud
For its own wanton mouth from thoufands fteals.
How erring oft' the judgment in its hate
Or fond defire! Thofe flow-defcending fhowers,
Thofe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November, (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads fhed,
Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and fing.
Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No foft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whofe ftern cerulean brows
White-winged fnow, and clond, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with folemn majefty:
Rich queen of Mifts and Vapours! thefe thy fons
With their cool arms comprefs, and twift their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rofe.

See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault!
How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt! ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia! happy if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and ſtately ſhips
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my Muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta, wild he roves,
From deck to deck, thro' groves immenſe of maſts;
'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Thro' wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, and domes,
In ſweet ſurpriſe, unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly, with diſcoveries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.

Ye Shepherds! if your labours hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed
To ſoil and clime adapted. Every ſoil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,

Thro' earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.
Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's naked Peaks *,
Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide
Aërial ſides of Cader-yddris huge †;
Theſe are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of Fleece
Hairy and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-ſcatter'd meal:
But hills of milder air, that gently riſe
O'er dewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
Of ſhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate:
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotſwold Downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd thro' the ſandy ſoil
Of elmy Roſs ||, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea,
Regard this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
Select: his tawny Fleece in ringlets curls;
Long ſwings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
That grace the columns of th' Iönic dome.

* Darwent's naked Peaks, the Peaks of Derbyſhire.

† Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

|| Roſs, a town in Herefordſhire.

Yet ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton paſtures, or Tripontian fields *,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
'Thwarts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;
That larger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
Whoſe Fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
The ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact deſcribes
One level line along his ſpacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
Noſtrils dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
And ſpacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
That copies Nature, who, in every change,
In each variety, with wiſdom works,
And powers diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marle, Egyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
With different ſtores ſupply the marts of trade:
Hence Zembla's icy tracks no bleaters hear:
Small are the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their Fleece;
Of light eſteem Germanic, far remote
From ſoft ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
And ſummers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
The coſtly burden only loads their tails:

* Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickſhire and Lutterworth in Leiceſterſhire.

No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's, tribe
Adorn; but ſleek of flix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along
The ſands. No Fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the Fleece. The food of wool
Is graſs or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.
Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark when tepid gleams
Oft' mingle with the pearls of ſummer-ſhow'rs,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains;
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep: beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths,
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts. When ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in, and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art. The coughing peſt
From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Tho' late, diſcern; when on the lifted lid,

Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale,
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms:
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.

In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft' complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the Halt:
Thoſe let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook
Detain, and pour into their cloven feet
Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry allum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen:
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again. Th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its pow'rs, and eaſy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor. Ye Poor! with grateful voice
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.

Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft' from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide, with haughty hand,

Whom ſacred Inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble Swain! thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-ſated paſtures let them ſhun, and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſic can diſcern;
For he, Supreme Exiſtence! ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unſav'ry crow-flow'r; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules intruſts,
Benevolent Mackenzie*! ſay the cauſe.
This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,
Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely giv'n: harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon, (bluſh, vain Man!)
And turn the wheels of Nature's vaſt machine.

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſeugh, near Edinburgh.



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See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſhears true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return;
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or who at ev'ry gate
Or hillock rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.
But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months. Ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour: oft' renew,
And thro' thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the ſeaſon of imperial Love,
Who thro' the world his ardent ſpirit pours;
Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid! the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field:
All rivals keep aloof, or deſp'rate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets: the wide vale reſounds:
The flock, amaz'd, ſtands ſafe afar; and oft'
Each to the other's might a victim falls;
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the duſt.

Wiſe cuſtom at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they 'ave paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,

Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,
In thoſe rough months that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flow'rs of May;
May! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary houſeleſs common fields,
Worn by the plough; but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,
Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners crowd;
Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy Morn
Lies on the reeking paſture: wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.
  In teaſing fly-time, dank or froſty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their ſoft ſkins between the parted locks:
Thus the Brigantes*: 't is not idle pains:
Nor is that ſkill deſpis'd which trims their tails,
Ere ſummer-heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolneſs and cleanlineſs to health conduce.
  To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to ſoil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy ſheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly ſhelters raiſe,
Thy vacant hours require; and ever learn,

* The Brigantes, the inhabitants of Yorkſhire.

Quick ether's motions: oft' the ſcene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance: theſe the moon will tell,
Each bird and beaſt, and theſe thy fleecy tribe.
When high the ſapphire cope, ſupine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but ere rain
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.
Slight not the warning; ſoon the tempeſt rolls,
Scatt'ring them wide, cloſe ruſhing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken ſwains: forbear
Such nights to fold; ſuch nights be theirs to ſhift
On ridge or hillock; or in homeſteads ſoft,
Or ſofter cots, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harſh winter drowns
The noiſy dykes, and ſtarves the ruſhy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to ſandy hamlets warm;
There let them ſojourn, till gay Progne ſkims
The thick'ning verdure and the riſing flow'rs.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields, while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; leſt, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with axe and ſpade, and, all abroad,

In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte,
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continu'd feeble pulſe of life,
The glebe, their Fleece, their fleſh, by hunger gnaw'd.
  Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care;
But ſpread around thy tend'reſt diligence
In flow'ry ſpring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O! guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft' flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft' the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her, alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt in thine arms

Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft',
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the past'ral care:
Thro' slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft' receiv'd
With deep attention; such as Nuceus sings
To the full vale near Soar's* enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!
Whom rude Obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.
  Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but more frequent heat.
The fly-blown vermin from their woolly nest
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes!
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,

* Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

As ſure deſtroys as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye Britiſh Swains! enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
Lo! in the ſprinkling clouds your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracks: his arrowy froſts,
That pierce thro' flinty rocks, the Lappian flies,
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode! from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of fetid oil inflam'd, ſea-monſters' ſpume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
His lank and ſcanty herds around him preſs,
As, hunger-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fiſh, or inward bark of trees,
Their common ſuſtenance; while ye, O Swains!
Ye, happy at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with buſy mouths
They ſcoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only at morning hour to interpoſe
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,

The wat'ry juices of the boſſy root
Abſorbing; or from noxious air to ſcreen
Your heavy teeming ewes with wattled fence,
Of furze or copſe-wood in the lofty field,
Which bleak aſcends among the whiſtling winds:
Or, if your ſheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
Silk'ning their Fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut
Nor watchful dog require, where never roar
Of ſavage tears the air, where careleſs Night
In balmy ſleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror ſtrides, their ſtubborn rocks are rent,
Their mountains ſink, their yawning caverns flame,
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian tow'rs,
And Herculanean, and what riotous ſtood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong ſolitary hills infectious lies.
See the ſwift Furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide!
Yet your mild homeſteads ever-blooming ſmile
Among embracing woods, and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys curling o'er the gloomy trees
In airy azure ringlets to the ſky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,

And Tarentine, with ſkins to clothe your ſheep,
Expenſive toil, howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherds' kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale
Of Athens, which in ſolemn ſilence ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food,
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell; ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the public hour of ſultry noon,
They ſhare the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,

And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;
In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his ſtrength re-
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave. [mov'd,

Such are the perils, ſuch the toils, of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my Muſe!
Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks
On Fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.

Now, jolly Swains! the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil and the glaring maſs
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the ſteel: from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument that from the flock
Severs the Fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flow'rs; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim

* The caves of Brigantium----the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds' ſhears, and all edge-tools, are made.

Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes that gliſten thro' the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy Fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
 Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin.
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 't is the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points,
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: thro' the gloom
Then thunder oft' with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heav'n; adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades!)

Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time along the lively vales
Rural feſtivities are often heard;
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And luſty merriment. While on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the Golden Age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance:
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep-remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mix'd
With every murmur of the ſliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir,
Muſic of Paradiſe! which ſtill is heard
When the heart liſtens, ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine;
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſp'rate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,

Fancy they ſee the leſſening ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewell to the ſinking hills.
Could I recall thoſe notes which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin *! Yet the carols ſweet
Thro' the deep maze of the memorial cell
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable Swain!
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flow'ry vale.
"This is no vulgar ſcene; no palace-roof
"Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
"Their poliſh'd pillars as theſe aged oaks,
"Which o'er our Fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
"Thus have expanded wide their ſhelt'ring arms
"Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet Content,
"Ye gentle Shepherds! pillow us at night."
"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
"Riſing and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd; "and pleaſing wearineſs
"Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
"Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
"The cries of Sorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
"And the diſeaſes of intemp'rate wealth.
"Alas! that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
"May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
"May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,

* Wreakin, a high hill in Shropſhire.

" Which with a pretty innocence of look
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring! this is Damon's wiſh."
  " Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kidling: Damon, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods,
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe
" Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late, that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye Rich!
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the ſleeky Fleece."
  " Deem not, however, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th'All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

* Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryſhire.

"But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
"Stretches her ſhadows: all ye Nymphs and Swains!
"Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
"Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
"Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
"Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds;
"Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
"Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
"Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
"Vaga, profuſe of graces, Ryddol rough,
"Blithe Yſtwith, and Clevedoc *, ſwift of foot;
"And mingles various ſeeds of flow'rs and herbs,
"In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
"Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
"Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
"Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's pois'nous leaf."
He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither every ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,

* Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.

Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted; while the mountain-woods
And winding vallies with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten, and to view the joyous ſcene.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI M...

# THE FLEECE.

## BOOK II.

### The Argument.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulnefs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverfity of wool in the Fleece: fkill in the afforting of it, particularly among the Dutch. The ufes of each fort. Severe winters pernicious to the Fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighteft in common fields: inconveniencies of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paftures; yet all paftures improvable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not efteemed for wool. Countries efteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its confequences. Countries afterwards efteemed for wool. The decay of arts and fciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, firft at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the prefent times. Wool the beft of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our ifland peculiarly excellent is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the Author for treating this fubject. Bifhop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceffity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the profperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now of the fever'd lock begin the fong
With various numbers, thro' the fimple theme
To win attention: this, ye Shepherd Swains!
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray! if thou
Ceafe not with fkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Mufe above the graffy vale,
And hills, and woods, fhall, finging, foar aloft;
And he whom learning, wifdom, candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
Royfton! approve, and patronize the ftrain.
Thro' all the brute creation none as fheep
To lordly man fuch ample tribute pay.

For him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams;
For him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live,
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 't is the brute beyond;
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle Swains!
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain;
Ye are the ſons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye when ye ſhear relieve.
Come, gentle Swains! the bright unſully'd locks
Collect; alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from every ſpray.
Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round; nor alien flake nor pitch enfold;
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add
Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic thoſe,
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtile artifice, the Fleece;
Equal the fraud: nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy ether thro' the open wool

* Urchinfield, the country about Roſs in Herefordſhire.

Debilitating paſs, and every film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard, too, from moiſture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care:
But in looſe locks of fells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble Fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent
Allur'd, as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaught'ring war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe: our anceſtors
Selected ſuch for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief
From battle or the chaſe of wolves return'd.
  When many-colour'd ev'ning ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes, full orb'd, the ſilver harveſt moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late a-field
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting, then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe every plain
And every dale where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures; let the bulky wain
Thro' duſty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the cerule ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready Diligence,

The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
  In the ſame Fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſev'ral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes,
With boundleſs hoſpitality, receive
Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age: ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long, and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſev'ral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn ſtops; and what tho' Spring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain advis'd to ſhield his flocks
From winter's dead'ning froſts and whelming ſnows:

Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And ſwell their Fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian *, by ſoft warmth improv'd;
Or let them inward heat and vigour find
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lighteſt wool is theirs who poorly toil
Thro' a dull round in unimproving farms
Of common fields. Incloſe, incloſe, ye Swains!
Why will you joy in common field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property? the mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint. Beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
There plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for cheering fire;
And in the diſtant village every hearth
Devours the graſſy ſwerd, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain:

* The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to clothe their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their Fleeces.

Pernicious habit! drawing gradual on
Increafing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilf'rer eafier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he fteals; or when,
With loofen'd tether of his horfe or cow,
The milky ftalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's flow rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he deftroys.
There are who over-rate our fpungy ftores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours
To fpread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,
And feed the filky Fleece; that card nor comb
The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er fubdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unlefs a third from Britain fwell the heap:
Illufion all; tho' of our fun and air
Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit
Upon our fnowy flocks of fmall efteem:
The grain of brighteft tincture none fo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muft to this
Bear witnefs, and the coftlieft of their looms.
And tho' with hue of crocus or of rofe
No pow'r of fubtle food, or air, or foil,
Can dye the living Fleece; yet 't will avail
To note their influence in the tinging vafe:
Therefore from herbage of old paftur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl

Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not thro' whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears; nor ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare or ſilver Stroud can purify
Their frequent ſully'd Fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen biting on tempeſtuous hills, imbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd to check the force
Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dikes their ſoon-forgotten tears.
Labour and Art will every aim achieve
Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level *, erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy Fleeces to deform,
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flow'rs,
The heavy ox vain ſtruggling to ingulf;
Till one of that high honour'd patriot name,
Ruſſel! aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And thro' his new creation led the Ouze
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams:
God-like beneficence! from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove.

But ſee Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable track! the traveller
Slow tries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,

* Bedford Level, in Cambridgeſhire.

Shudd'ring with fear: ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The faireſt length of wool. See Deeping Fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: it's art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flow'rs
And foodful pulſe the fields that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil,
With patient Art, effect? There was a time
When other regions were the ſwain's delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and o'er ſinking woods
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's crofts, beneath the pheaſant's brake
Long lay unnoted. Toil new paſture gives,
And in the regions oft' of active Gaul
O'er leſs'ning vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.
In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracks were moſt renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judea's land,

Hermon and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides.
Twice with the murex, crimſon hue, they ting'd
The ſhining Fleeces; hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains
And lively verdure, (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the Fleece,
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jaſon an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muſes' haunts,
He rouz'd the brave to re-demand the Fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh Swains! the ancient ſong.
From ev'ry region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
Caſtor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon the laurel cord and the huge ſtone
Uplifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark,
Whoſe keel, of wondrous length, the ſkilful hand
Of Argus faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt

Uprais'd, and ſails full ſwelling, to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep; the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs;
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port.
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal; then ſmooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt:
And now the Thracian Boſphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks!
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Thro' the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods
Cleave their bold paſſage; nathleſs by the crags.

And torrents forely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind,
Thus thro' the wide waves their ſlow way they force
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many perils, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves,
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jaſon advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wond'ring he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of Luxury: around,
In every glitt'ring hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found; for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of King diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſongs
Of joy, and roſy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,

Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd.
Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant shunn'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats;
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance,
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.
Sithence the Fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic and Thessalian, bore esteem;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Thro' solitary vallies seeks the sea:
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,

With golden fruitage blefs'd of higheft tafte,
What need I name? the Turdetanian track,
Or rich Coraxus, whofe wide looms unroll'd
The fineft webs? where fcarce a talent weigh'd
A'ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.
Lo! the revolving courfe of mighty Time,
Who loftinefs abafes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majefty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her fplendid ftreets,
The fnowy veft of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? where the Attic Fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeft litter'd cots,
Or funny meadows, cloath'd with coftly care?
All in the folitude of ruin loft,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's duft.
Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy defolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, firft of all the nymphs
Who from the melancholy wafte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks fhe lav'd,
And rofe another Venus: each foft joy,
Each aid of life, her bufy wit reftor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Reftituted Trade
To every virtue lent his helping ftores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe
And bleating flocks awak'd the cheerful lawn.

The gloſſy Fleeces now, of prime eſteem,
Soft Aſia boaſts, where lovely Caſſimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious ſtores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding ſtreams; a region term'd
The Paradiſe of Indus. Next the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbour ſtretch'd immenſe,
Thro' many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worſhipp'd prince, whoſe luſt is law:
Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes advent'rous trade.
Add, too, the ſilky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.
Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.
And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a Fleece:
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders; or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains

Is oft' remember'd, tho' the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet. He* whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of Fleece
Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms!
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed?
Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world
Her soft materials not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious. In Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock† is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible; Batavia flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia silk; Balasor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito grass;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind. The beaver's flix

* Drayton. † A wondrous rock---the asbestos.

Gives kindlieſt warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood ſlow riſes thro' the veins.
Still ſhall o'er all prevail the ſhepherd's ſtores,
For num'rous uſes known: none yield ſuch warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, ſo long endure;
So pliant to the loom, ſo various, none.
Wild rove the flocks, no burd'ning Fleece they bear
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Reſplendent ſwells, enormous in its growth:
As the ſleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad reſigns it for the hatters' uſe.
Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canſes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign ſwains. While Time ſhakes down his ſands,
And works continual change, be none ſecure:
Quicken your labours, brace your ſlackening nerves,
Ye Britons! nor ſleep careleſs on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; ſhe is elſewhere kind.
See Miſſiſippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the ſhepherds: ſee the ſheep †
Of fertile Arica ||, like camels form'd,
Which bear huge burdens to the ſea-beat ſhore,
And ſhine with Fleeces ſoft as feathery down.

* Apacheria and Canſes, provinces in Louiſiana, on the weſtern ſide of the Miſſiſippi.

† Theſe ſheep are called Guanapos.

|| Arica, a province of Peru.

Coarſe Bothnic locks are not devoid of uſe;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet ſhrouds or ſtubborn helm,
While the loud billows daſh the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's veſtures wear,
Nor what from Fleece Ratæan * mimic flowers
Of rich Damaſcus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium † woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our Iſle
Is given by Nature, it is the comber's lock,
The ſoft, the ſnow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye
This Golden Fleece to guard, with ſtricteſt watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a ſpectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies ſupine
And ſilent, in the tangles ſoft involv'd
Of death-like ſleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvaſs, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid
To honeſt toil in Cambria's hilly tracks,
Or where the Lune ‖ or Coker ‡ wind their ſtreams,

* Ratæan Fleeces, the Fleeces of Leiceſterſhire. † Coventry.
‖ Lune, a river in Cumberland. ‡ Coker, a river in Lancaſhire.

Be found ſufficient? Far their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury, ariſe.
O might their mazy dales and mountain ſides
With copious Fleeces of Ierne ſhine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wiſely bent
On wealthy fiſheries and flaxen webs,
Then would the ſiſter realms amid their ſeas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bleſs remoteſt climes!—To this lov'd end
Awake, Benevolence! to this lov'd end
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away whoſe paſſions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride!) for your repaſt alone
Who claim all Nature's ſtores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profuſion; whoſe vile hands would graſp
The peaſant's ſcantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the ſepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot, uſe.
Know, for ſuperior ends th' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r whoſe tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar, wiſdom, wit, and ſtrength;
Wiſdom, and wit, and ſtrength, in ſweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counſel, to protect,
And twiſt the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,

With man united, is a nation ſtrong;
Builds tow'ry cities, ſatiates every want,
And makes the ſeas profound, and foreſts wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man,'s born
For the high bus'neſs of the public good.
For me, 't is mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart
And cheerful diligence: like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.
For this I wake the weary hours of reſt;
With this deſire the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd the ſhepherd's hut I ſeek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure ſimplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to ſheep:
Or turn the compaſs o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's ſtream,
Cold Hudſon's cloudy ſtreights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean foſſe,
And China's long canals: thoſe noble works,
Thoſe high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, ſedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my ſacred charge;

Thus alſo mindful, thus deviſing good
At vacant ſeaſons oft', when ev'ning mild
Purples the vallies, and the ſhepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold
With dumb complacence; for religion this,
To give our every comfort to diſtreſs,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blaſius wore his leiſure hours,
And ſlumbers broken oft'; till, fill'd at length
With inſpiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian ſtoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and ſpiky comb,
Shew'd how the Fleece might ſtretch to greater length,
And caſt a gloſſier whiteneſs. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids with ſongs reliev'd their toils,
And every loom receiv'd the ſofter yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blaſius! did not bleſs
Thy teaching hand? thy boſom, like the morn,
Op'ning its wealth, what nation did not ſeek
Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs?
  Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals: thro' their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds and order juſt,
Denoting Labour's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn: firſt the rout,
Then ſervient youth, and magiſterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,

His ſway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of ſmiling Plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand
Toil only taſtes the feaſt, by nerveleſs Eaſe
Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft' they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks from experience that ſometimes ariſe,
Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's dawn
Rouzes to labour man, to labour born.
  Then the ſleek brightening lock from hand to hand
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That in the comb admires its growing length;
This blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
  For it ſuffices not in flow'ry vales
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool;
Gums muſt be ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt,
Mexican woods, and India's brightening ſalts;
Fruits, herbage, ſulphurs, minerals, to ſtain
The Fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fus'd

In fluid ſpirituous, the ſcarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or chang'd,
By mediums colourleſs: why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious elſe? why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, tho' Nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the Fleece
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
 To find effects while cauſes lie conceal'd
Reaſon uncertain tries: howe'er, kind Chance
Oft', with equivalent diſcovery, pays
Its wandering efforts. Thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchymic fire
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus, (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And for unwearied toils and arts the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,
The purple ſtain on Fleecy woofs he ſpread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to riſing Tyre.
 Our vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,

By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The powerful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone;
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy delicacies high;
Gives to the curious works of Nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
Him, the all-wiſe Creator, and declares
His preſence, pow'r, and goodneſs, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure Trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of Deity receive
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes;

Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice; who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; deſert ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately towers; whoſe merchants, from their isles
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his Fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint
And flow'ring ſhuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets, ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſite; a monument to thoſe
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride.

# THE FLEECE.

## BOOK III.

### The Argument.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labour. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands, and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger; our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Blenheim deſcribed. Different arts procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it; hence a wiſh that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures; other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muſe! reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, tho' ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of Nature's choriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Tho' few; for every note which Virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft',
Has falſe diſſembling Vice to am'rous airs

The reed apply'd, and heedlefs youth allur'd;
Too oft', with bolder found, inflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the Fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and fheepfolds were the Mufes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, tho' feeble, fhalt thefe rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote! whofe benevolence
Vifits our vallies, where the pafture fpreads,
And where the bramble, and would juftly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want
And Vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themfelves, and in themfelves to all,
Thro' grateful toil. Ev'n Nature lives by toil:
Beaft, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reft
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fafhion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old
Wife ftates obferving, gave that happy law
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft' call'd
Their chieftains from the fpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating fheepfold. Hence utility
Thro' all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ftrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What fimple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude

Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps) [Fleece
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village Nymphs!
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Gray dawn appears; the golden Morn aſcends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires: ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the Fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
  Come, village Nymphs, ye Matrons, and ye Maids!
Receive the ſoft material; with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye, and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſs'ning thread;
Even, unknotted, twine will praiſe your ſkill.
A diff'rent ſpinning every diff'rent web
Aſks from your glowing fingers: ſome require
The more compact and ſome the looſer wreath;
The laſt for ſoftneſs, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: ſcarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake.

There are, to ſpeed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double ſpol'd, which yield to either hand
A ſev'ral line; and many yet adhere
To th' ancient diſtaff, at the boſom fix'd,
Caſting the whirling ſpindle as they walk:
At home, or in the ſheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method ſtill
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy ſtuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of ſpinning when th' Egyptian prince
A golden diſtaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen! no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diverſion of the fair
Led to ingenious uſe. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine † form'd,
Which on an hundred ſpoles an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye Nymphs! let anger cloud your brows;
The more is wrought the more is ſtill requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed:
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtrife of trade

* The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.
† Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

These curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which ever-gliding feed the flow'ry lawn:
Nor, ſhould the careful State, ſeverely kind,
In every province to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain:
Yours with the public good ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns and airy downs
The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſt'ning Fleece,
And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The am'rous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt he beſpeaks a loom;
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſapplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles, and the frame combines:
The ſmith, with iron-ſcrews and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe
And graver's knife the hollow ſhuttle add.

Various professions in the work unite,
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' advent'rous voyager,
Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murm'ring loom,
Sees the deep-furrowing plough and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd wagon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or high-way side,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And sits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof and shut altern;
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft' op'ning, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn,
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chuſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.
What need we name the ſev'ral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen, flow'rs, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works:
Or that whoſe num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs;
Modern invention; modern is the want.
Next from the ſlacken'd beam the woof, unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-ſliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd,
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, riſing and deſcending, learn
To imitate the induſtry of man.
Oft' the wet web is ſteep'd, and often rais'd,
Faſt dripping, to the river's graſſy bank,
And ſinewy arms of men, with full-ſtrain'd ſtrength
Wring out the latent water: then up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid ſun
Its level ſurface, reeking, it expands,
Still brightening in each rigid diſcipline,
And gathering worth, as human life in pains,

Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's ſhears
And burler's thiſtle ſkim the ſurface ſheen.
The round of work goes on from day to day,
Seaſon to ſeaſon. So the huſbandman
Purſues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The ſeed is ſown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe ſubdues;
The ſickle labours, and the ſlow teem ſtrains,
Till grateful harveſt-home rewards his toils.

The ingenious artiſt, learn'd in drugs, beſtows
The laſt improvement; for th' unlabour'd Fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The ſnowy web is ſteep'd, with grain of weld,
Fuſtic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictiſh woad,
Of ſtain tenacious, deep as ſummer ſkies,
Like thoſe that canopy the bow'rs of Stowe
After ſoft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon' broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon; that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn,
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only: black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.

That ſtain alone is good which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In opening well the fibres of the woof
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the pow'rs which lock them in the web;
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who inquires the cauſe why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons! graſp in every art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtrand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.
Now ſee, o'er vales and peopled mountain-tops
The welcome traders gathering every web,
Induſtrious, every web too few. Alas!
Succeſsleſs oft' their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopp'd by wild Intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout

To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps, while Miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.
O when, thro' every province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labour, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe who now delight in fruitleſs ſports
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye Poor! who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye Lame! ye Blind!
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Thro' ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of Affliction! be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd daylight dawns,
When charitable Rigour ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of Trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion *: here ſoft Fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage: here your viands are prepar'd:

* Erect the manſion---This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, *&c.*

To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your Maker praiſe.
Behold in Calder's * vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe:
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurpriſe. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted Fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands

* Calder, a river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.

Ply at the eafy work of winding yarn
On fwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together as a choir of larks;
Such joy arifes in the mind employ'd.
Another fcene difplays the more robuft
Rafping or grinding tough Brafilian woods,
And what Campeachy's difputable fhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirfty web,
And the Caribbee ifles, whofe dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are fhown
A circular machine *, of new defign,
In conic fhape: it draws and fpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needlefs hands.
A wheel, invifible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceffary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he fays,
Is fmoothly lapp'd around thofe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon' cirque
Of upright fpindles, which with rapid whirl
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manfion (if we feek
Still more to view the gifts which honeft toil
Diftributes) take we now our eaftward courfe
To the rich fields of Burftal. Wide around

* A moft curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at prefent contrived to fpin cotton, but it may be made to fpin fine carded wool.

Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile;
And ruddy roofs and chimney tops appear
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and bus'neſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work,
O'er high o'er low they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid,
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn;
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads;
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of axe and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,

Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
Firſt view'd her growing turrets: ſo appear
Th' increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whoſe reddening fields
Riſe and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo! in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whiſpering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
Straight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.
   Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance. Deep the oak
Muſt ſink in ſtubborn earth its roots obſcure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the ſkies.
Gold cannot gold appear until man's toil
Diſcloſes wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the duſky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid ſtreams
With oft'-repeated toil, and oft' in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue
And tedious proceſs of its painful works
The luſty ſicken, and the feeble die.
   But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and eaſe accompany'd: they bring

Superior treaſures ſpeedier to the ſtate
Than thoſe of deep Peruvian mines, where ſlaves
(Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palſy's baneful cup. Our happy ſwains
Behold ariſing in their fattening flocks
A double wealth, more rich than Belgium's boaſt,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayans, whoſe ignobler care
Nurſes the ſilk-worm; or of India's ſons,
Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges' ſtream.
Nor do their toils and products furniſh more
Than gauds and dreſſes, of fantaſtic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to neceſſity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempeſt beats around.
  No, ye ſoft ſons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate! life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor aſks your nerveleſs arm
To caſt the ſtrong-flung ſhuttle or the ſpear.
Can ye defend your country from the ſtorm
Of ſtrong invaſion? Can ye want endure,
In the beſieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten veſſel ſteer,
Climb the tall maſt, direct the ſtubborn helm
Mid wild diſcordant waves with ſteady courſe?
Can ye lead out, to diſtant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd

Brethren, by impious perſecution driven,
And arm their breaſts with fortitude to try
New regions, climes, tho' barren, yet beyond
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? Theſe are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The ſinewy arm of Albion's ſons. Purſue,
Ye ſons of Albion! with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the ſounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long renown'd wide envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; ſhe from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe
The golden-footed Sciences their path
Mark, like the ſun, enkindling life and joy,
And follow'd cloſe by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day aroſe
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With ſpeedy wing and ſcatter'd courſe they fled,
Like a community of bees, diſturb'd
By ſome relentleſs ſwain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wiſe Egypt erſt
To troubled Nilus, whoſe nutricious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then from fair Antwerp an induſtrious train

Crofs'd the fmooth channel of our fmiling feas,
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of fpacious Medway: fome on gentle Yare
And fertile Waveney pitch'd, and made their feats
Pleafant Norvicum and Colceftria's tow'rs:
Some to the Darent fped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chofe
Antona's chalky plains, and ftretch'd their tents
Down to Claufentum, and that bay fupine
Beneath the fhade of Vecta's cliffy ifle.
Soon o'er the hofpitable realm they fpread,
With cheer reviv'd, and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd;
Not undelighted with Vigornia's fpires,
Nor thofe by Vaga's ftream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor lefs pleas'd
With Salop's various fcenes, and that foft track
Of Cambria, deep embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd,
Nurfe of the ruftic bard who now refounds
The fortunes of the Fleece; whofe anceftors
Were fugitives from Superftition's rage,
And erft from Devon thither brought the loom,
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,
Nodding, ftill on their gloomy brows project
Lancaftria's arms, embofs'd in mould'ring ftone.
Thus, then, on Albion's coaft the exil'd band,

From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted, and, alighting, ſang
Grateful thankſgiving. Yet at times they ſhift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Reſtraint, or ſouthern Luxury, diſturbs
Their induſtry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inſpirited, their art improves the Fleece,
Which occupation erſt, and wealth immenſe,
Gave Brabant's ſwarming habitants, what time
We were their ſhepherds only; from which ſtate
With friendly arm they rais'd us: nathleſs ſome
Among our old and ſtubborn ſwains miſdeem'd
And envy'd who enrich'd them; envy'd thoſe
Whoſe virtues taught the varletry of towns
To uſeful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And ſtill when bigotry's black clouds ariſe,
(For oft' they ſudden riſe in Papal realms)
They from their iſle, as from ſome ark ſecure,
Careleſs, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superſtition and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling ſtorm,
Which fierce purſues the ſuff'rers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, ſhall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by diſtreſſes oft'
(Diſtreſſes for the ſake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good

Wherever they inhabit: this our iſle
Has oft' experienc'd; witneſs all ye realms
Of either hemiſphere where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is ſtamp'd on every bale;
Each gloſſy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impreſſion; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and baize, and ſerge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countleſs liſt
Of woollen webs; and every work of ſteel;
And that cryſtalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of moſſy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has giv'n the Fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the ſilk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety;
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-ſhading trail for Agra's * nymphs;
Or ſolemn curtains, whoſe long gloomy folds
Surround the ſoft pavilions of the rich.
They, too, the many-colour'd Arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy ſhapes
Of ſportive fancy; ſuch as oft' appear
In old Moſaic pavements, when the plough
Upturns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field,
Or that o'erſhaded erſt by Woodſtock's bower,

* There is woven at Mancheſter, for the Eaſt Indies, a very thin ſtuff, of thread and cotton, which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye
With Marlb'rough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here the rescued states
Crowding beneath his shield; there Ramillies'
Important battle: next the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah! then, what pow'r
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill;
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.
  Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials; the Chinese

Their porcelain, Japan its varniſh, boaſts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a ſhare of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of induſtrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raiſe
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells
There will be Traffic's ſeat; there will ſhe build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy Swains!
With hoſpitality inflame your breaſt,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your iſle.
Each clime, each ſea, the ſpacious orb of each,
Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood, while ye proceed,
Active and enterpriſing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep:
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build
Upon the foodful brine her envy'd power,
And half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fiſhy regions: thus our iſle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the viſions of the theme

Smit with ſublime delight, but whither ſtrays
The raptur'd Muſe, forgetful of her taſk?
No common pleaſure warms the gen'rous mind
When it beholds the labours of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are diſpers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Thro' many a ſlender path, how ſedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they ſpeed their way
To public roads, to Foſſe, or Watling-ſtreet,
Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
Thro' ev'ry navigable wave, the ſea
That laps the green earth round: thro' Tyne and Tees,
Thro' Weare and Lune, and merchandiſing Hull,
And Swale and Aire, whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Thro' Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and with the ſober pace
Of cautious eld meand'ring to the deep;
Thro' Dart and ſullen Exe, whoſe murm'ring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
Thro' Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,
And Uſk that, frequent among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain ſnows.
The northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean ſteeds,

Of ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
Yet ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigu'd, and lay their bales
In Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no where far
From ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
Ariſe and fall our various hills and vales,
No where far diſtant from the maſted wharf.
We need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile
From Memphis' towers to th' Erythræan gulf;
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams
Thro' many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.
  Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And thro' the centre of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs, and thoſe who o'er the grots preſide,

Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await to speed
And celebrate the union, that the Fleece
And glossy web to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks,
With white sails glist'ning, thro' the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
Lo, from the simple Fleece how much proceeds!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL:

# THE FLEECE.

## BOOK IV.

### The Argument.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Addrefs to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Peterfburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern courfe thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the flave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eaftern coaft of Afric. Trade to Perfia and Indoftan precarious, through tyranny and frequent infurrections. Difputes between the French and Englifh, on the coaft of Coromandel, cenfured. A profpect of the Spice-iflands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin by the caravans from Ruffia. Defcription of that journey. Tranfition to the weftern hemifphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The ftate and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in thofe climates; hence the paffage through Hudfon's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an eafier paffage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coafts of South America, and of thofe tempeftuous feas. Lord Anfon's expedition, and fuccefs againft the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain confiftent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the diftribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treafures amply ftor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,
A floating foreft: every fail unfurl'd
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure fky.
Mean-time, in pleafing care, the pilot fteers
Steady; with eye intent upon the fteel,
Steady before the breeze the pilot fteers,
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a fhoal of dolphins, and begin
To ftreak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's fhallow founds by fome are fought,

Or ſandy Elb or Weſer, who receive
The ſwain's and peaſant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return; while ſome explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new ſhore and mart,
The bold creation of that Keſar's power,
Illuſtrious Peter! whoſe magnific toils
Repair the diſtant Caſpian, and reſtore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's ſtrand
And Dover's chalky cliff behind them turn.
Soon ſinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney Mariſh and Rye's ſilent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's iſle,
Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
An hundred op'ning marts are ſeen, are loſt;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecumb Mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious ſcene!
Yet ſteady o'er the waves they ſteer; and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundleſs magnitude, around them ſwells,
O'er whoſe imaginary brim nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heav'n's azure vault
Bends over-head, majeſtic, to its baſe,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, riſing o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
Of Finiſterre, a cloudy ſpot, appears.
Again, and oft', the advent'rous ſails diſperſe:

Theſe to Iberia, others to the coaſt
Of Luſitania, th' ancient Pharſis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions! with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or thoſe of Mancheſter;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant ſwains
And viſionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian ſteel, and Fleeces ſoft,
Segovian or Caſtilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Pow'rful incentive; or Heſperian fruits,
Fruits of ſpontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Thoſe ſhips, from ocean broad, which voyage thro'
The gates of Hercules *, find many ſeas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But ſhores inhoſpitable oft' to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracks become
Of deſolation. The proud Roman coaſts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the daſhing waves
Reſign their ruins. Tiber's boaſted flood,
Whoſe pompous moles o'erlook'd the ſubject deep,
Now creeps along thro' brakes and yellow duſt,
While Neptune ſcarce perceives its murm'ring rill.
Such are th' effects when Virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns. Along theſe ſhores
Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,

* The Straits of Gibraltar.

Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of Luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereſt of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts
That in thoſe glitt'ring ſeas with ſplendour roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſperous ſtate, and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the Muſe.
  To theſe reſort the delegates of Trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee with vain regret
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth wov'n, of other than Britannia's Fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring: the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails,
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—it is not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament by means

That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
  Mean-time, (while those who dare be just oppose
The various powers of many-headed Vice)
Ye Delegates of Trade! by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use; the flix of goat,
Red wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft',
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simoïs, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful relics: oh! could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights:
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincense

Rare is collected now: few altars ſmoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's buſy fleets regardleſs paſs her coaſt:
Nor frequent are the freights of ſnow-white woofs
Since Rome, no more the miſtreſs of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd ſtreets
With gloomy cowl, majeſtical no more.

See the dark ſpirit of tyrannic pow'r!
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval ſtreams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hoſtile battlement. In aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: inſolent of rule, he ſpreads
Thraldom and deſolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce diſcovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her ſails, and leads them to the port
Of riſing Peterſburg, whoſe ſplendid ſtreets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Coſſac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds reſort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the ſtings of froſt, from his dark caves
Aſcends, and thither haſtes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward ſtep; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's ſtreams,
And borderers of the Caſpian, who renew

That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd
With proudeſt affluence the Colchian ſtate.
Many have been the ways to thoſe renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderneſs,
Who down the long Euphrates ſent her ſails,
And ſacred Salem, when her numerous fleets
From Ezion-geber paſs'd th' Arabian gulf.
But later times, more fortunate, have found
O'er ocean's open wave a ſurer courſe,
Sailing the weſtern coaſt of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,
And iſlands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade,
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now of commerce made the ſcene immenſe,
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated
Like doves or ſwallows in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.
Some with more open courſe to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant, of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep,
Porpoiſe or grampus, or the rav'nous ſhark
That chaſe their keels; or threat'ning rock, o'er head

Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and, bart'ring, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitable riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara, too, diſplays
Unfruitful deſerts; Gambia's wave iniſles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,
Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſtrand the drapery light
Of Mancheſter or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coaſt in telling wounds
The generous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves:
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield
The ſugar-cane and the Tobago leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increaſing navies to their crowded wharfs.
But let the man whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue
The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute

On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea, too, gives yellow duſt of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the ſides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And ſandy deſerts, rous'd by ſudden ſtorms,
All ſearch forbid. Howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleaſant plains, and many a track
Deem'd uninhabitable erſt, are found
Fertile and populous: their ſable tribes,
In ſhade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool deſcent of rain,
And ſoft refreſhing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; thoſe a ſea-wide ſurface ſpread,
Which to the diſtant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders. Whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercaſts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coaſt
Is ſeldom viſited; and the rough ſhore
Of Cafres, land of ſavage Hottentots,
Whoſe hands unnatural haſten to the grave
Their aged parents. What barbarity
And brutal ignorance where ſocial trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding Sails!
From theſe inhoſpitable gloomy ſhores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of proſperous voyage, ſteer. Rejoice to view

What trade, with Belgian induſtry, creates,
Proſpects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in huſk or gloſſy rind:
There the capacious vaſe from cryſtal ſprings
Repleniſh, and convenient ſtore provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See! thro' the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the ſmell of balms, how Traffic ſhapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coaſt
Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whoſe hills
Ev'n yet ſome portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and ſparkles in the yellow ſand
Of its clear ſtreams, tho' unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide, unleſs their ſpeed be ſtopp'd
By dead calms, that oft' lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas
While ev'ry zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores,

Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And gloſſy ſhells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft' checks their courſe, till this bright ſcene
Is bruſh'd away before the riſing breeze,
That joys the buſy crew, and ſpeeds again
The ſail full-ſwelling to Socotra's iſle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whoſe ſtreets are oft'
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,
And fill'd with plenty, tho' dry ſandy waſtes
Spread naked round; ſo great the power of trade.
Perſia few ports: more happy Indoſtan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coaſts,
And Bombay's wealthy iſle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the ſhade of cocoa groves.
But what avails or many ports or few,
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up, while fell Revenge and Famine lead
To havoc, reckleſs of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies? Oft' in vain
The merchant ſeeks upon the ſtrand whom erſt,
Aſſociated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd:
In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd
He ſeeks, and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent uſe,

Pungent falt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd faps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the cloathier knows their worth;
And wool refembling cotton, fhorn from trees,
Not to the Fleece unfriendly, whether mix'd
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or fofter filk's material, tho' its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem
The Fleece in any traffic unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided, while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercife the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade
Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Tho' all unconfcious of the union act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or fultry Malabar, where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coafts their fhores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rifing ifles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks,
Green-rifing Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills,
And the minute Maldivias, as a fwarm
Of bees in fummer on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable: thefe behind
His ftern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's gray peaks, from whofe volcanoes rife
Dark fmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks

Darted in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves,
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
" Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons! and ye Gauls!
" Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
" Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts;"
But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wiſe defence
Againſt Ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,
Guarding the woven Fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream

Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-diſcover'd Tibet, where the Fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drapery, which in conic forms
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage thro' Molucca's Straits
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odours ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper, that deſtroys the moth
In woolly veſtures. Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrow bounds confin'd,
While gracious Nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of Trade! that ever-flow'ry ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy tow'rs of porcelain
And pillar'd pagod ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and pond'rous lead, from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,

That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe for the artiſts of the Fleece procure
Various materials; and for affluent life
The flavour'd thea and gloſſy-painted vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled Luxuries,
In temperance us'd delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring ſeas,
Riſe floating villages. No wonder, when
In every province firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever with eaſe conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, thro' the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the Fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Thro' Scythia's num'rous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which to th' attentive ear
The Muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.

From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The watery ſeat of Deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Thro' dazzling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft' from week to week,
From month to month; whole ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract
In its fall ſtopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracks they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian Lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,
Tho' now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot
Thick ſtrown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The gen'rous horſe conveys the ſons of Trade,
And ever and anon the docile dog,
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace
Skims over icy lakes: now ſlow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds

The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, thro' watery miſts;
Tobol! th' abode of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where earl and prince,
Soldier and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity
Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,
Their little public ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled. Trade ariſes oft',
And virtue, from adverſity and want:
Be witneſs, Carthage! witneſs, ancient Tyre!
And thou, Batavia! daughter of diſtreſs.
This with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd, and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Thro' lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods;
Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe!
Void of commercial comforts; who nor corn,

Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,
Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains, and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams
Of Oby' and Irtis, and Jeniſca ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.
  Theſe rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work, that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent! beyond the length
Of many a potent empire: towers and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows
At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
  At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering ſpires,

The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the Fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt earth; for ſo
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemiſphere, my Muſe!
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious Nine,
From high Parnaſſus, the unweary'd toils
Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
Happy the voyage o'er th'Atlantic brine
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy
When he diſcern'd, above the foamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt, for future colonies
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind!
But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms
Who views thoſe ſhores in ev'ry culture dreſs'd;

With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley, and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, pow'rful and rich,
In regions far remote; who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilk-worm's thread inweaving with the Fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian track,
Nor ſlight the green ſavannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Upſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions which afford
More implements of commerce and of wealth?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The Fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.

Bluſh, Europeans! whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates. Ye routs,
Who, for your crimes have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care;
The ſons of Nature with aſtoniſhment
And deteſtation mark your evil deeds,
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts
That join the polities of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew
Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundland
Hang their white fiſh amid the parching winds;
The kindly Fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by thoſe who ſeek,
Thro' gulfs and dales of Hudſon's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, tho' oft they ſeek in vain,
While winter's froſty rigour checks approach
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why,
(If ye the travell'd ſons of Commerce know)
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the ſun's annual courſe, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile ſhore, and Gallic realms,
By the ſame zone encircled, long enjoy

Warm beams of Phœbus, and, ſupine, behold
Their plains and hillocks bluſh with cluſt'ring vines?
  Muſt it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labour drain their guſty lakes,
Enlarge the bright'ning ſky, and, peopling, warm
The op'ning vallies and the yellowing plains?
Or rather ſhall we burſt ſtrong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And thro' the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuſe? Are not her iſles
Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar ſciences, and other forms
Of trade, and uſeful products, to exchange
For woolly veſtures? 'Tis a tedious courſe
By the Antarctic circle; nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The labouring veſſel: neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind; no traffic there,
No barter, for the Fleece: there angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous Mariners!

Be firm; take courage from the brave: it was there
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
Anſon, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gathering tempeſts rouz'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and ſnow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs,
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft' the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts,
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks, and ſhrouds, and ſights of death.
Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threatening Staten Land's o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion rear'd
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, thro' every tempeſt, as ſome branch

Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, tho' deep immers'd,
Yet re-afcends, and glides, on lake or ftream,
Smooth thro' the vallies; fo his way he won
To the ferene Pacific, flood immenfe!
And rea r'd his lofty mafts, and fpread his fails.
Then Paita's walls, in wafting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occafion gave
To fhew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe fecure to Pride
And Violence, altho' the far-ftretch'd coaft
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil caufe; tho' fell Difeafe,
Un'bating Labour, tedious Time, confpir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Tho' that wide fea, which fpreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hofpitable land or port;
Where, feafons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyfs whereon
To drop the faftening anchor; tho' his brave
Companions ceas'd, fubdu'd by toil extreme;
Tho' folitary left in Tinian's feas,
Where never was before the dreaded found
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye Nations! vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murdering ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her ſolemn compacts in the luſt of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her Fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye Swains!
Increaſing commerce ſhall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury on careleſs wealth,
Pernicious gift! beſtows; a day will come
When, thro' new channels ſailing, we ſhall clothe
The Californian coaſt, and all th' realms
That ſtretch from Anian's Straits to proud Japan,
And the green iſles, which on the left ariſe
Upon the glaſſy brine, whoſe various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the ſailors' chart:
Then every variation ſhall be told

Of the magnetic ſteel, and currents mark'd
Which drive the heedleſs veſſel from her courſe.
That portion, too, of land, a track immenſe,
Beneath th' Antarctic ſpread, ſhall then be known,
And new plantations on its coaſt ariſe.
Then rigid winter's ice no more ſhall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the ſoft Fleece ſhall every where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muſe ſhall then, in vigour freſh,
Her flight renew: mean-while, with weary wing
O'er ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,
The ſhepherds' haunts, where the firſt ſprings ariſe
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

# THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning 's fair; the lufty fun
With ruddy cheek begins to run,
And early birds, that wing the fkies,
Sweetly fing to fee him rife.
I am refolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to ftray,
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I fee
A beautiful variety
Of ftrutting cocks, advancing ftout,
And flirting empty chaff about:
Hens, ducks, and geefe, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While ruftics thrafh the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature fhow!
Augufta! wipe thy dufty brow;
A landfcape wide falutes my fight
Of fhady vales and mountains bright;
And azure heav'ns I behold,
And clouds of filver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thoufand flaming flowers glow,
And every neighb'ring hedge I greet,
With honey-fuckles fmelling fweet.

Now o'er the daiſy-meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly ſhining on the eye,
A riv'let gliding ſmoothly by,
Which ſhews with what an eaſy tide
The moments of the happy glide:
Here, finding pleaſure after pain,
Sleeping, I ſee a weary'd ſwain,
While his full ſcrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food ſupply.
 Happy Swain! ſure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy ſweet ſleep, which ſhuns the crown,
With all its eaſy beds of down.
 The ſun now ſhows his noon-tide blaze,
And ſheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the ſhade that groves beſtow,
And on green moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is ſilent, but ſome flood,
That ſweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the ſprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.
 Oh! pow'rful Silence! how you reign
In the poet's buſy brain!
His num'rous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls;

Like moles, whene'er the coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
Some wildly to Parnaſſus wing,
And view the fair Caſtalian ſpring,
Where they behold a lonely well
Where now no tuneful Muſes dwell,
But now and then a ſlaviſh hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleaſing paths of joy,
Others the bliſsful ſcene deſtroy,
In thorny tracks of ſorrow ſtray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But ſtay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, it is not her voice I find;
'Tis but the echo ſtays behind.
Some meditate Ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below;
Some peep in courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking tribe of Flattery:
But, ſtriking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon' ruſtling ſpray
It made them vaniſh all away.
I rouze me up, and on I rove;
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.

The ſun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whiſper thro' the trees;
And as I leave the ſylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's ſmoky neſt I ſee
Leaning on an aged tree,
Whoſe willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden ſway below:
Thro' ſpreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage ſweet and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his ſpade,
And digs up cabbage in the ſhade:
His tatter'd rags are ſable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown;
The dying ſap deſcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
  Up Grongar Hill * I labour now,
And catch at laſt his buſhy brow.
Oh! how freſh, how pure, the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I deſcry
Thy magazine before me lie.
Temples!--and towns!--and towers!--and woods!--
And hills!--and vales!--and fields!--and floods!

* A hill in South Wales.

Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds and barren ground.
See, below, the pleaſant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the ſunbeams ſhine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
Her wilderneſſes, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bow'rs and ſhining lakes.
Keep, ye Gods! this humble ſeat
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the river ſlow and deep;
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant foreſt hid;
On whoſe high top there riſes great
The mighty remnant of a ſeat,
An old green tow'r, whoſe batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
Look upon that flow'ry plain,
How the ſheep ſurround their ſwain,
How they crowd to hear his ſtrain!
All careleſs with his legs acroſs,
Leaning on a bank of moſs,
He ſpends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A ſilver ſtream, a willow ſhade,
Beneath the ſhade of fiſher ſtand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In bluſhes the deſcending ſun
Kiſſes the ſtreams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or duſky clouds do interpoſe.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund ſhepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which ſend up ſmoke in curling ſpires;
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergaſney * I deſcend.
But, oh! how bleſs'd would be the day
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and ſolitary ſtray.

* The name of a ſeat belonging to the Author's brother.

# THE INQUIRY.

Ye poor little Sheep! ah! well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your ſhepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been; have you met with my love
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-a-day! No—ye are ſtarv'd and half dead;
Ye ſaw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
  Oh, Sun! did you ſee her?—ah! ſurely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is ſhe hid?
Ye tall whiſtling Pines! that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you ſee her a-roving in wood or in brake,
Or bathing her fair limbs in ſome ſilent lake?
  Ye Mountains! that look on the vigorous eaſt,
And the north, and the ſouth, and the weariſome weſt,
Pray tell where ſhe hides her; you ſurely do know;
And let not her lover pine after her ſo.
  Oh! had I the wings of an eagle, I 'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the ſky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide diſplay'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whiſpering ſhade:
I 'd ſearch every tuft in my diligent tour,
I 'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bow'r,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myſelf quiet and happy again.

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# EPISTLES.

## AN EPISTLE

### TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

Delightful partner of my heart,
Maſter of the lovelieſt art!
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po—the Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair;
And there the Tiber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood;
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Granic's bloody banks,
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From Philip's all-ſubduing ſon;
And there the wounded Porus, brought
(The braveſt man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs viſage as he lies
In death's moſt painful agonies.
  To me reveal thy heav'nly art,
To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhow,
Seeming Nature's living glow:

The beauteous ſhapes of objects near,
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air;
The golden eve, the bluſhing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleaſing views of checker'd glades,
And rivers winding thro' the ſhades,
And ſunny hills—and pleaſant plains,
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains.
  Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face,
Whoſe columns, frizes, ſtatues, lie
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or ſwift adown a mountain tall
A foaming cat'ract's ſounding fall,
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller;
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea;
Or ſurges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding ſhore;
And veſſels toſs'd, and billows high,
And lightning flaſhing from the ſky;
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming ſight!)
Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade,
Or orator, with arms diſplay'd,
Tully's engaging air and mien
Declaiming againſt Catiline;

Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
  Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aſide,
Lifting Antæus high in air,
Who in his gripe expires there.
  Or Siſyphus, with toil and ſweat,
And muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep hill a ponderous ſtone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down;
Or beauteous Helen's eaſy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Theſe you can do—I but advance
In a florid ignorance,
And ſay to you, who better know,
You ſhould deſign them ſo and ſo.

## TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

### ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON *.

Tell me, wondrous Friend! where were you
When Gideon was your lofty ſong?
Where did the heav'nly ſpirit bear you
When your fair ſoul reflected ſtrong

* Thoſe lines in this poem marked with inverted commas are taken out of the poem called Gideon.

Gideon's actions, as they ſhin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind?
Say, have you trod Arabia's ſpicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beſide Euphrates' ſtream,
Or lonely ſung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heav'nly Gideon was your ſacred theme?
Or have you many ages giv'n
To cloſe retirement and to books,
And held a long diſcourſe with Heav'n,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks,
Full of inſpiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye,
Like a pleas'd traveller, that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty plain
Where the ſun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious proſpects all around him lie.
On Gideon's pages beautifully ſhine
Surpriſing pictures riſing to my ſight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding ſhade and light,
And all the grace of ſomething more divine.
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I ſee a youth divinely fair!
" Penſive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His ſmiling eye ſheds ſweetneſs mix'd with awe;
" His right hand with a milk-white wand ſome figure ſeems to draw!

"A nameleſs grace is ſcatter'd thro' his air,
"And o'er his ſhoulders looſely flows his amber-co-
lour'd hair!"
Above, with burning bluſh the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
"Slow from the plain the melting dews,
"To kiſs the ſunbeams, climbing, riſe," *&c.*
Methinks the grove of Baal I ſee,
In terrac'd ſtages mount up high,
And wave its ſable beauties in the ſky:
"From ſtage to ſtage broad ſteps of half-hid ſtone,
"With curling moſs and blady graſs o'ergrown,
"Lead awful"—
Down in a dungeon deep,
"Where thro' thick walls, oblique, the broken light
"From narrow loopholes quivers to the ſight,
"With ſwift and furious ſtride,
"Cloſe-folded arms, and ſhort and ſudden ſtarts,
"The fretful prince, in dumb and ſullen pride,
"Revolves eſcape"—
Here in red colours, glowing bold,
A warlike figure ſtrikes my eye,
The dreadful ſudden ſight his foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the pow'r to fly;
"Backening they gaze at diſtance on his face,
"Admire his poſture, and confeſs his grace;
"His right hand graſps his planted ſpear," *&c.*
Alas! my Muſe! thro' much good will you err,

And we the mighty author greatly wrong,
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd few there were,
While every word 's a beauty in his ſong!

## TO MR. SAVAGE,

### SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

Sink not, my Friend! beneath Misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great.
Shame on the dull! who think the ſoul looks leſs
Becauſe the body wants a glitt'ring dreſs.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wiſe admire.
That which looks rich to the groſs vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze
The coxcomb 's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze.
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
  Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldſt thou
Thy verſe how ſweet! thy fancy how divine! [ſhine?
Critics and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall praiſe but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;

And if, tho' few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure it 's the greatest fault to be severe.
A few, however, yet expect to find
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudy stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause;
Who with felt pleasure see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize;
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more the more deprest.
Thee, Savage! these (the justly great) admire;
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's [fire;
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

## AN EPISTLE

### TO A FRIEND IN TOWN *.

Have my friends in the Town, in the gay busy Town,
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

* Among the poems of Mr. Savage there is one to Mr. Dyer in answer to his from the country.

No matter, no matter—content in the ſhades—
(Contented!—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye Caſcades!
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till Outrage ariſes, or Miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred Religion or Liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet, and ev'n,
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heav'n.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Sept. 23. 1779.

THE END.